ORIGINAL POEMS.

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

Miſs WHATELEY.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY; and

DUBLIN:

Re-printed for JOS. SHEPPARD, Bookſeller, in Smock-Alley, near the Blind-Quay.

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TO THE

Hon. Lady WROTTESLEY,

At PERTON.

MADAM,

YOUR Indulgence in permitting me to addreſs the following Sheets to You, is one of the Circumſtances that makes my Scruples about this Publication the lighter. The following Poems (if they may be called ſuch) were the Amuſements of Youth, Leiſure, and Solitude; written without any Intention of being made public:—I do not mean this as an Inſinuation that, had I intended them for the Public View, I could have made them more perfect; this would have been an unpardonable Affectation of falſe Modeſty, and the higheſt Inſult I could offer to the Public in general, and

to your Ladyſhip in particular: And I had much rather be thought deficient in Genius and Abilities, than in reſpect to either. An Author on the Appearance of the firſt Publication, may be ſaid to have no Fame to loſe; but here I am in Circumſtances quite different; and ſhall think myſelf extremely happy, if, inſtead of acquiring freſh Fame, I can retain the kind Opinion my Friends have entertained of me.

In regard to the Subjects of the following Eſſays, I do not flatter myſelf that there will be much of Novelty found in them. I never ſtudiouſly ranged thro' the Regions of Imagination to ſeek for Paths unexplored by former Writers; but ſat down content to employ my humble Abilities upon ſuch Themes——as Friendſhip, Gratitude, and native Freedom of Fancy, preſented to my Thoughts.

Perhaps

Perhaps I may be rallied, perhaps CENSURED, on account of the tender Pieces in this Collection. Mr. *Cowley*'s Apology on this Subject, I think, may well ſerve for all his Succeſſors: He profeſſes to have wrote Love-verſes, purely becauſe Cuſtom had rendered it out of Character for a Gentleman to commence Poet without a Miſtreſs, either real, or imaginary: And really there ſeems to be ſuch a Connection between the Imagery of the ſofter Kinds of Poetry, and the tender Senſations of the Heart; that one ſcarce knows how to pay one's Devoirs to the Rural Muſe, without pretending to do Homage to Cupid at the ſame time. If at any Time theſe Fictions ſhould be miſtaken for Truth, it could have no painful Effect upon an Heart at Eaſe; neither (I fancy) could it add to the Senſibility of one already filled with the tender Cares and Anxieties ſaid to be the Attendants of Love.

If,

If, Madam, the enſuing Pages are happy enough to appear not wholly unworthy the Patronage of Your Name; it will be one of the happieſt Conſequences the Author hopes for from this Publication: And if the Pieces addreſſed to particular Perſons may tranſmit my Friendſhip, Gratitude, and Regard, beyond the Limits of my own Breaſt, and the Period of a Day; all my Hopes are fully gratified. But I would not from hence be thought to be of ſo mortified, or ſo inſolent a Diſpoſition, as to hold the Cenſure or Approbation of the Public in Contempt;—I ſhall think the ſuffrage of the Judicious (if I can obtain it) an additional Happineſs: and, I hope, I have ſo far ſubdued that Vanity generally attributed

buted to my Sex, as to be capable of hearing with Pleaſure the Strictures of Genius and Judgment, and kiſs the Rod of candid Criticiſm; and, at the ſame time, look down with a juſt Contempt on the invidious Reflections of Pride, Envy, or Prejudice.

I hope your Ladyſhip will find nothing in this little Collection to make you regret the Favour you have granted me of prefixing Your Name to it. My Pen was never proſtituted to flatter a Friend or a Superior, or to revenge the Malevolence of an Enemy. Theſe I thought Views below the Dignity of a Pen conſecrated to Truth and Virtue; from which, I hope, I may ſay, without Vanity, mine has never deviated.

viated. This conſciouſneſs alone, Madam, induced me to hope for the Favour You have indulged me with; and I ſhall think myſelf extremely happy if You accept the enſuing Pages, as a Teſtimony of the Gratitude and Reſpect with which I have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt dutiful, and

Very much obliged,

Humble Servant,

BEOLEY, Dec. 3, 1763.

M. WHATELEY.

To Miss W———:

Occasioned by reading some Pieces of her Poetry.

By the Rev. Mr. J. LANGHORNE.

THE Maids of MEMORY, by no Laws confin'd,
Alone delighted with the liberal Mind,
As Nature wills, their sacred Gifts impart,
And nobly scorn the Vassalage of Art.
Hence oft has *Beauty*'s Head been bound with Bays,
And British *Sapphos* charm'd with Lesbian Lays.
Hence Attic Flowers in *Carter*'s Pages shine,
And, *Whateley*, hence the Harmony of thine!

Go, tuneful Maid, with *Nature* take thy Way;
Still may'st Thou o'er her smiling Vallies stray!
May *Fancy* lead Thee to Elysian Bowers,
And bid her Fairies spread thy Path with Flowers!

To Thee may *Love* his roſy Garlands bring,
And *Hope* preſent Thee with eternal Spring—
Heſperian Viſions to thine Eyes unfold
Long blooming Years, and Minutes wing'd with Gold!

Far be that Anguiſh from thy gentle Heart,
Which *Genius* mourns, when *Envy* aims her Dart!
The Sneer of Cenſure, and the Scorn of Pride,
Or may'ſt Thou never know, or, known, deride.
Smooth like thy Verſe, and eaſy flow thy Days,
Chear'd with the Sunſhine of *Pierian* Praiſe;
Till Nature claim that Being which ſhe gave,
And Glory gild thy Paſſage to the Grave.

THE POWER of DESTINY.

SURE ſome malignant Star diffus'd its Ray,
When firſt my Eyes beheld the Beams of Day:
Whoſe baleful Influence made me dip in Ink,
And write in Rhyme before I knew to think.
Had Fate, propitious to my Wiſh, aſſign'd
Me, wayward Girl, of Man's *ſuperior* kind;
This ſtrong propenſity had marr'd each Scheme,
And Prudence yielded to a golden Dream.
Perhaps I'd then been bred a learn'd Divine,
With *Greek* and *Hebrew* in this Head of mine;
With muſty Claſſics ſtuff'd, dry Grammar Rules,
And all the ſpecious Lumber of the Schools:
Yet had an Itch for ſcribbling fill'd my Brain,
This Care and Coſt had been beſtow'd in vain.

Or had I, ſtudious of the healing Art,
Been taught with Care to act old *Galen*'s Part,

Perus'd *Hippocrates*'s labour'd Page,
And thumb'd with Rev'rence each time-honour'd Sage;
Yet when from College Rules and Orders free,
My Pen had once regain'd it's Liberty;
Thoughtleſs of Gain, and warm with fancy'd Fire,
I certainly had quitted *Mead* and *Floyer*,
For *Milton*, *Shakeſpear*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Young*;
And left *Sanctorius* for an idle Song:
Strother, *Boerhave*, and *Celſus*, had giv'n way,
To a ſmart Satire or a Roundelay:
For who bemus'd, and in a rhyming Strain,
Cou'd mark the various Fibres of the Brain?
Leave all thy dear Ideas Fancy forms,
To learn the ſtrange Effect of *Snails* and *Worms*?
Try with what Qualities each Drug is fraught,
And praiſe the Virtues of ſome nauſeous Draught?

Had I been bred at *Gray*'s or *Lincoln*'s Inn,
'Mid Law-ſuits, empty Quibbles, Doubts, and Din,
Attended duly at the wrangling Hall,
And learnt to *baffle*, *bluſter*, *bounce*, and *bawl*:
Yet with Impatience in the long Vacation,
I ſhou'd have left this profitable Station;

Have

Have quitted *Salkeld* and the Lawyer's Gown,
And all the gay Amuſements of the Town;
Have fled in Raptures to the peaceful *Grange*,
And left *Coke*, *Carthew*, *Nelſon*, *Wood*, and *Strange*,
Hughes, *Hale*, and *Hawkins*, *Bacon*, *King*, and *Cay*,
For *Swift*, *Hill*, *Congreve*, *Cowley*, *Garth*, and *Gay*:
And in ſome Cot, retir'd from Crowd and Noiſe,
Have ſought ſerene Delights and rural Joys;
Mus'd by a Fountain, ſlept beneath a Tree;
And, 'ſtead of Draughts, compos'd—an Elegy.
Inſpir'd by *Sylvia*'s Eyes, or *Daphne*'s Air,
Or *Cynthia*'s roſy Cheeks, and curling Hair;
My moſt exalted Wiſh, and only Aim,
Had been to eternize the fav'rite Dame:
Her Charms in ſofteſt Numbers to expreſs,
And paint my Paſſion in the livelieſt Dreſs.

In ſhort, whatever my Employ had been,
It ſoon had yielded to this darling *Sin*:
And nought but *Ruſſel*'s Land, or *Gideon*'s Purſe,
Had ſav'd the Poet—from—the Poet's Curſe.

LIBERTY, an ELEGY.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs LOGGIN.

Feigned to be written from the happy Vale of Ambara.

TO you, *Eliza*, be theſe Lays conſign'd,
Who bleſt in *Freedom*'s fair Dominions live;
While I, alas! am pompouſly confin'd,
Bereft of ev'ry Joy the World can give.

In vain for me the bluſhing Flow'rets bloom,
And Spring eternal decks the fragrant Shade;
In vain the dewy Myrtle breathes Perfume,
And Sounds angelic echo thro' the Glade.

The Marble Palaces, and glitt'ring Spires,
What are they? pageant Glare, and empty Show:
Ah! how unequal to my fond Desires,
Which tell me—Freedom makes an Heav'n below.

Penſive I range theſe ever verdant Groves,
And ſigh reſponſive to the murm'ring Stream;
While woodland Warblers chant their happy Loves,
Dear Liberty is wretched *Myra's* Theme.

The Velvet Lawns diverſify'd with Flow'rs,
In ſweet Succeſſion ev'ry Morn the ſame;
Freſh Gales that breathe thro' Amaranthine Bow'rs,
And ev'ry Charm, inventive *Art* can frame,

Here fondly vie to crown this favour'd Place:
And here, to ſmooth Captivity a Prey,
Each Royal Child of *Abyſſinian* Race
Conſumes the vacant inauſpicious Day.

Tho' feſtive Mirth awake the laughing Morn,
And guiltleſs Revels lead the dancing *Hours*;
Tho' purling Rills the fertile Meads adorn,
And the wild Rock its ſpicy Produce pours:

Yet what are theſe to fill a boundleſs Mind?
Tho' gay each Scene appear, 'tis ſtill the ſame;
Variety—in vain I hope to find;
Variety, thou dear, but diſtant Name.

With Pleaſure cloy'd, and ſick of taſteleſs Eaſe,
No ſweet Alternatives my Spirits chear;
Joys oft repeated loſe their Pow'r to pleaſe,
And Harmony grows Diſcord to my Ear.

Bleſt *Freedom!* how I long with thee to rove,
Where varying *Nature* all her Charms diſplays;
To range the Sun-burnt Hill, the rifted Grove,
And trace the Silver Current's winding Maze!

Free as the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
Who diſtant Climes, and various Seaſons ſee,
Regions—tho' not, like ſoft *Ambara*, fair;
Yet bleſt with Change, and crown'd with Liberty.

Vain Wiſh! theſe Rocks, whoſe Summits pierce the Skies,
With frowning Aſpect, tell me—Hope is vain:
'Till, freed by Death, the purer Spirit flies,
Here wretched *Myra*'s deſtin'd to remain.

THE

Firſt ODE of ANACREON, imitated.

WHEN the mighty *Fred'rick's* * Fame
Inſpires my Breaſt with martial Flame;
Glowing with the gen'rous Fire,
Lo! I ſeize the tuneful Lyre:
Rapt I ſtrike the ſleeping String,
And ſtrive with ſtronger Voice to ſing;
But all inſenſible decline,
And thus in trembling Notes repine;
" What have I with War to do?
" Love, my Lays belong to you."

Th' immortal Deeds on *Zorndorf's* Plain,
Claim the high Pindaric Strain;
The glorious Sounds my Heart alarm;
My Breaſt, with ardent Rapture warm,

Attempts

* King of *Pruſſia*.

Attempts the Theme; but, oh! with Shame
I own the *Pruſſian*'s dreadful Name,
Dobna, Seidlitz, Zorndorf, yield
To *Venus*, and her *Paphian Field:*
Love and *Damon* end the Strain,
And echo o'er the vocal Plain.

Glory, Heroes, Arms, farewel!
Love's more potent Deeds I tell.
Gracious *Venus*, thee I woo;
Let me not unheeded ſue:
Guide my hand, be *thou* my Muſe,
Thy perſuaſive Charms diffuſe;
And my *Damon*'s Heart ſhall feel,
Love and *Verſe* can conquer Steel.

ELEGY on a much lamented Friend,

Who died in Autumn, 1759.

YET the dull Death-bell ſmites my trembling Ear;
Yet *Fancy* ſickens o'er *Fidelia*'s Bier;
Ye weeping Muſes wake the mournful Lyre!
Ye laughing *Loves*, and jocund *Sports*, retire!
Fantaſtic *Mirth*, and all the ſmiling Train
Of fair *Feſtivity*, forſake the Plain!
While gloomy *Grief*, and ev'ry chearleſs Pow'r,
Throw darker Horrors o'er this Midnight Hour.

Vot'ries of Woe, your painful Dirges ſing!
No more the Muſe attunes the ſprightly String.
All, all the Scenes of Joy and Beauty fly,
Clouds dim the Sun, and Tears bedew the Sky:
Fidelia's Loſs ſee *Nature*'s ſelf bewail!
Weep in the Stream, and languiſh in the Gale!

No more the vocal Natives of the Grove
Chear the dark Shades, or chant their Songs of Love.
No more the Shepherds pipe, the Virgins ſing;
No more the Vales with various Echoes ring:
But pale, and ſad, each rural Nymph appears,
With Locks neglected, Eyes be-dim'd with Tears.
"*Fidelia*'s dead!" they cry, and all around—
"*Fidelia* dead!" the cavern'd Rocks rebound.

Accept, dear Shade, this fondly ſtreaming Tear,
That Friendſhip ſheds on thy untimely Bier.
Ah! what did thy ſuperior Worth avail?
Still, ſtill oppos'd by *Fortune*'s adverſe Gale;
Thro' Life aſpers'd by *Envy*'s black'ning Breath,
Purſu'd by *Malice* to the Gates of Death;
There, only there the painful Scene was o'er,
All Wrongs forgot, and *Anguiſh* wept no more.
There cold, and peaceful, dear *Fidelia* ſleeps;
No more with palid *Care* long Vigils keeps;
And there ſhall ſleep, in equal Night inurn'd,
The *Friend* that lov'd her, and the *Fool* that ſcorn'd.

There,

There, wrapt in Shade impervious, *Newton* lies;
There lifeleſs *Lely*'s Hand, and *Myra*'s Eyes;
There *Thompſon*'s Harp forgets the moral Song,
Deaf *Handel*'s Ear, and ſilent *Milton*'s Tongue,
There ev'n this Heart, which melts to ſtrains of Woe,
Shall ceaſe to grieve, theſe ſtreaming Eyes to flow:
This weary Clay, to *Death*'s cold Arms conſign'd,
Shall give to kindred Skies th' immortal Mind.

O D E.

HOW various is the Female Mind!
As with the ſofteſt Breeze of Wind
The trembling Oſiers move;
So, as capricious *Fancy* reigns,
We ſigh in Health, we ſmile at Pains,
Admire, deſpiſe, and love.

Fair *Sylvia*, blooming, young, and gay,
Enrich'd with a celeſtial ray,
From Virtue's ſacred Shrine;
To-day eſteems a happy Youth,
In whom ſoft Love, and ſpotleſs Truth,
With ev'ry Grace combine:

To-morrow the fantaſtic Fair
Aſſumes an haughty diſtant Air,
And flies the ſighing Swain:
But why? his wealthy Pinnace loſt
On flow'ry *Burca*'s faithleſs Coaſt
Produc'd this cold Diſdain.

And,

And, ſee, *Sempronius*, void of Charms,
With powerful Gold her Boſom warms;
To him ſhe plights her Vows:
By Pride ſeduc'd, ſhe flaunts for Life
The glitt'ring miſerable Wife
Of an abandon'd Spouſe.

This Hour *Dorinda*, learn'd and wiſe,
Can ev'ry Female Toy deſpiſe,
And lifts her Thoughts on high:
Thro' fairy Fields with *Spenſer* ſtrays,
Or rapt with *Milton*'s lofty Lays,
Her Spirit mounts the Sky.

When ſudden, lo! the Nymph appears
All chang'd; her Eyes o'erflow with Tears—
Whence can this Grief ariſe?
Does *Cynthia* praiſe ſome younger Face?
No,—*Delia's Necklace*, *Delia's Lace*,
Call'd forth theſe heart-felt Sighs.

But why do I my Sex accuſe?
Tho' now I court the ſprightly Muſe,
Eſtrang'd to ev'ry Care;

Perhaps,

Perhaps, ere Night has drawn her Veil;
I—all th' ideal Woes may feel—
Of Love and dark Deſpair.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

To a FRIEND.

EVANDER's Voice invites my artleſs Lay;
And *Friendſhip*'s Call tranſported I obey:
Friendſhip! I ſeize the Lyre at thy Command,
And ſtrike the ſleeping Strings with trembling Hand.
Oh! for ſome Portion of poetic Fire!
Some happier Strain that *Nature* wou'd inſpire!
Here, where ſhe ſhines in all her Virgin Charms,
And fair *Retirement* wooes me to her Arms.
Hail muſing Nymph! in ruſſet Veſt array'd,
Oh! wrap thy Vot'ry in thy browneſt Shade;
Far, far from all the noiſy Seats of Pride,
In Groves conceal her, or in Vallies hide.

Now bounteous Autumn glads the yellow Plains,
And bright-ey'd *Ceres* crown'd with Plenty reigns;
With bluſhing Fruit the bending Branches ſhine,
And rip'ning Cluſters load the gen'rous Vine.

Here

Here, white with bleating Flocks the Uplands riſe,
There, Hills whoſe azure Summits pierce the Skies;
And clad in all the rip'ning Harveſt's Pride,
The Dale ſlopes gently down the Mountain's Side.
No more let Poets ſing of *Tempe*'s Fields,
Nor paint the Treaſure that *Pactolus* yields;
Their Fame in vain to *Albion*'s Sons is told;
Here Silver Currents roll thro' Vales of Gold.
Oft 'mid the tufted Trees, the rural Cell,
Where *Health*, and ſweet *Content* with *Virtue* dwell,
Diſplays its ſtraw-crown'd Roof, and ſmiles ſecure
From all thoſe Cares the guilty Great endure.

Hail! fair Abodes of *Freedom*, *Joy*, and *Peace!*
Where Treaſure flows, * and uſeful Arts increaſe;
No direful Arms theſe calm Retreats annoy,
No barb'rous Bands the fruitful Plains deſtroy:
Remote from Danger, here the happy Swain
Tills the rich Soil, and reaps the bearded Grain:
Bleſt in theſe mid-land Seats ſecure he toils,
No Coaſters ravage, and no Tempeſt ſpoils.

* The famous Town of *Birmingham*, near which the Scene of this Poem is laid.

Here *Berſd'ley-Hall*, ſweet Manſion of Delight,
In fair Proportion riſes to my Sight:
Charm'd with the verdant Walks, and ſilent Shades,
I range the twilight Woods, and op'ning Glades.
Ye cryſtal Lakes, where curling Breezes play,
O let me on your flow'ry Margin ſtray!
Where the tall Fir erects its ſpiry Head,
And their green Arms the princely Cedars ſpread:
Or let me to the duſky Grot retire,
And wake to Sylvan Strains th' amuſive Lyre;
While down the rock the murm'ring Waters flow,
And gentleſt Gales thro' fragrant Woodbines blow.

Happy the Man! who from the noiſy Town
Retiring, finds this ſweet Receſs his own:
Who, free from each low Wiſh, and idle Fear,
Enjoys ſoft Eaſe, and learned Leiſure here;
Of all that *Luxury* cou'd crave, poſſeſt;
What Troubles can alarm? what Cares moleſt?

Can Gold then make Man happy? vain Surmiſe!
As ſoon may Titles make an Idiot wiſe.

If

If Heav'n-born *Virtue* reign not in the Breaſt,
The Rich, the Gay, the Great, can ne'er be bleſt.
When the ſwoln Heart with mad Ambition glows,
And Hell-bred *Av'rice* chaſes calm Repoſe;
When black *Oppreſſion* with her hateful Train,
Fraud, dark *Diſtruſt*, and pining *Envy* reign;
What Joy, alas! can Wealth or Titles bring?
Say, can they blunt *Reflection*'s deadly Sting?
Can painting's vivid Glow, or Muſic's Strains,
Soothe the bad Heart, or ſoften guilty Pains?
If theſe, O *Grandeur*, thine Attendants are,
Let me prefer this unambitious Pray'r.

" Give me, indulgent Heav'n, ſome lonely Cot;
" Where I may live unenvy'd and forgot;
" Range the ſequeſter'd Shade with Mind ſerene,
" Explore the Beauties of the Sylvan Scene;
" Tread *Virtue*'s Paths, and to her Temple riſe,
" And dare to emulate the Good and Wiſe.
" Let *Friendſhip*'s gen'rous Warmth expand my Breaſt,
" And ſweet *Contentment* be my conſtant Gueſt;
" Let ſocial Converſe crown the Day's decline,
" And *Folly*'s Slaves divide their Haunts from mine.

" When grey ey'd *Dawn* peeps o'er the mountain's
Head,
" And ling'ring *Night* on duſky Wing is fled;
" Give me to trace the dew-beſpangled Grove,
" Where roſy *Health*, and blooming *Pleaſure* rove:
" There let me oft explore the ſacred Cell,
" Where *Truth*, and Heav'n-born *Contemplation* dwell;
" And, while dear *Freedom* her looſe Banner waves,
" Contemn the Pomp of Courts, and pity Slaves."

ELEGY on leaving——.

FAREWEL! ye friendly Bow'rs, ye Streams, adieu!
I leave with Sorrow each ſequeſter'd Seat;
The Lawns, where oft I ſwept the Morning Dew,
The Groves, from Noontide Rays a kind Retreat.

Yon wood-crown'd Hill, whoſe far projecting Shade
Inverted trembles in the limpid Lake;
Where wrapt in Thought I penſively have ſtray'd,
For Crowds and Noiſe, reluctant, I forſake.

The ſolemn Pines, that, winding thro' the Vale,
In graceful Rows attract the wand'ring Eye;
Where the ſoft Ring-dove pours her ſoothing Tale,
No more muſt veil me from the fervid Sky.

Beneath yon aged Oak's protecting Arms,
Oft-times beſide the pebbled Brook I lay;
Where, pleas'd with ſimple *Nature*'s various Charms,
I paſs'd in grateful Solitude the Day.

Rapt with the Melody of *Cynthio*'s Strains,
There firſt my Boſom felt poetic Flame;
Mute was the bleating Language of the Plains,
And with *his* Lays the wanton Fawns grew tame.

But, ah! thoſe pleaſing Hours are ever flown;
Ye Scenes of Tranſport from my Thoughts retire!
Thoſe rural Joys no more the Day ſhall crown,
No more my Hand ſhall wake the warbling Lyre.

But come, ſweet *Hope*, from thy divine Retreat
Come to my Breaſt, and chaſe my Cares away;
Bring calm *Content* to gild my gloomy Seat,
And chear my Boſom with her heav'nly Ray.

ODE to MAY.

FAIREST Daughter of the Year,
Ever blooming lovely *May*;
While thy vivid Skies appear,
Nature ſmiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flow'ry-painted Mead,
Paſture fair, and Mountain green;
Thine, with Infant-harveſt ſpread,
Laughing lies the Lowland Scene.

Friend of thine, the Shepherd plays
Blithſome near the yellow Broom,
While his Flock, that careleſs ſtrays,
Seeks the wild Thyme's ſweet Perfume.

May, with Thee I mean to rove
O'er theſe Lawns and Vallies fair,
Tune my gentle Lyre to Love,
Cheriſh Hope, and ſoften Care.

Round

Round me ſhall the Village Swains,
Shall the roſy Nymphs, appear;
While I ſing in rural Strains,
May, to Shepherds ever dear.

I had never Skill to raiſe
Peans from the vocal Strings,
To the God-like Hero's Praiſe,
To the pageant Pomp of Kings.

Stranger to the hoſtile Plains,
Where the brazen Trumpets ſound;
Life's purple Stream the Verdure ſtains,
And Heaps promiſcuous preſs the Ground:

Where the murd'rous Cannon's Breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud Report of Death
Stuns the cruel Ear of *War*.

Stranger to the Park and Play,
Birth-night Balls, and courtly Trains;
Thee I woo, my gentle *May*,
Tune for thee my native Strains.

Blooming Groves, and wand'ring Rills,
Soothe thy vacant Poet's Dreams,
Vocal Woods, and Wilds, and Hills,
All her unexalted Themes.

IMITATION of the Third ELEGY

OF THE

Third BOOK of TIBULLUS.

WHY did my Vows to Heav'n directed riſe?
Why fragrant Incenſe mount the diſtant Skies?
Not that the ſculptur'd Dome, and lofty Tow'r,
Might bear my Name, and Realms confeſs my Pow'r;
Not that my Flocks might graze the ſpacious Plains,
And golden Harveſts glad my numerous Swains;
Not that my Poles with bluſhing Fruit might ſhine,
And the rich Vintage ſwell with Floods of Wine;—
But with my Love I ſought to ſpend my Days
In calm Content, and unaſpiring Eaſe;
To grace my Lays with dear *Philander*'s Name,
And grate ully return his generous Flame;

And,

And, when this tranſient Scene of Life was o'er,
With his dear Shade to paſs the *Stygian* Shore.

Can *India*'s Treaſure heal the Mind oppreſt,—
Or fruitful *Padua* foothe the Lover's Breaſt?
The gorgeous Palace, deck'd with Pomp and Art,
Exclude pale *Care* from the Poſſeſſor's Heart?
Not Woods more beauteous than th' *Ammonian* Groves,
Not *Parian* Pavements, nor high-wrought Alcoves;
Not all the Gems *Golconda*'s Mountains hide,
Not all the glaring Pageantry of Pride,—
Can ſhield the ſplendid Owner's Breaſt from Woe,
Since *Chance* capricious waits on all below:
Such Trifles in weak Minds may Envy move,
But what is Honour, Wealth, or Fame, to Love?
Thy Wealth, gay World, thy Honours, I reſign;
Poor let me be; but be *Philander* mine.

Shine forth, bright Morn! propitious *Phœbus*, riſe!
Reſtore *Philander* to my longing Eyes!
For if, in vain, I court the friendly Gales
To clear the Skies, and ſwell his ſpreading Sails;

Not

Not all the various Wealth the Waters hold,
The flaming Ruby, the reſplendent Gold,
Nor yet to reign the *Perſian* Queen conſeſt,
Could eaſe the Anguiſh of my tortur'd Breaſt:
Theſe let Ambition ſhare, be Peace my Lot;
Philander mine, and all beſide forgot.
Ye tuneful *Nine*, my tender Breaſt inſpire
With *Sapphic* Art to wake the plauſive Lyre;
O hear thy ſuppliant Handmaid, Queen of Charms,
And bring my Lover to my longing Arms!

But if the cruel *Fates* relentleſs prove,
And on the diſtant Shore detain my Love;
Ah! ceaſe, ye *Sighs*, to tear my anxious Breaſt!
Come, *Death* convey me to the Realms of Reſt!

A

PASTORAL SONG.

COME, dear *Paſtora*, come away!
And hail the chearful Spring;
Now fragrant Bloſſoms crown the *May*,
And Woods with Love-notes ring:
Now *Phœbus* to the Weſt deſcends,
And ſheds a fainter Ray;
And as our rural Labour ends,
We bleſs the cloſing Day.

In yonder artleſs maple Bow'r,
With blooming Woodbines twin'd;
Let us enjoy the Ev'ning Hour,
On Earth's ſoft Lap reclin'd:

Or where yon Poplar's verdant Boughs
The cryſtal Current ſhade;
O deign, fair Nymph, to hear the Vows
My faithful Heart has made.

Within

Within this Breaſt no ſoft Deceit,
No artful Flatt'ry bides ;
But Truth, ſcarce known among the Great,
O'er ev'ry Thought preſides :
On Pride's falſe Glare I look with Scorn,
And all its glitt'ring Train ;
Be mine the Pleaſures which adorn
This ever-peaceful Plain.

Come then, my Fair, and with thy Love
Each riſing Care ſubdue ;
Thy Preſence can each Grief remove,
And ev'ry Joy renew :
The Lily fades, the Roſe grows faint,
Their tranſient Bloom is vain :
But laſting Truth and Virtue paint
Paſtora of the Plain.

O D E.

WHEN o'er the flow'ry Lawns, and wood-crown'd Hills,
The dusky Veil of *Eve* was spread; [Hills,
When whisp'ring Winds, and softly-murm'ring Rills,
Drew peaceful *Slumbers* round the Shepherd's Bed;
Delia, long depriv'd of Rest,
From her downy Couch arose,
Amid the Glare of Pride unblest
With balmy Peace, or sweet Repose.

Along the dewy Vale, forlorn, she stray'd,
Regardless of the solemn Scene;
What Time the Screech-owl haunts the dreary Shade,
And lengthen'd Shadows tremble o'er the Green:
When, beneath an Hazel Bow'r,
Oft her Seat in happier Days,
All sad she hail'd the Midnight Hour,
Thus pouring forth her plaintive Lays:

" Ye glitt'ring Stars, and thou, fair Queen of Night,
" Whoſe gentle Radiance gilds the ſmiling Plains;
" Your Gloom's more welcome than Meridian Light,
" Since faithleſs *Strephon Delia*'s Love diſdains.

" How oft beneath this friendly Shade the Youth,
" With Pray'rs and Sighs has told his tender Tale,
" Vow'd ardent Love and ever-during Truth,
" And with my Praiſes harmoniz'd the Dale!

" The tow'ring Beech, on yonder Purple Heath,
" Bears on its Bark this memorable Line;
" *If e'er I prove untrue, let inſtant Death*
" *Succeed thy Image in this Heart of mine.*

" Witneſs, ye Nymphs, that haunt this mazy Grove,
" Witneſs, ye Naids, oft ye heard his Vows;
" Ye Echoes, oft ye caught the Sound of Love,
" And Zephyr breath'd it thro' the trembling Boughs.

" Dear

" Dear cruel Youth! ah! ever ſhall I rue
" His broken Vows and violated Truth;
" No Time can *Delia*'s potent Grief ſubdue,
" Or blot him from my Mind, dear cruel Youth!

" Ye happy Maids, when my untimely Fate
" In mournful Notes reſounds o'er all the Plain;
" Warn'd by my Woes beware the Flatt'rer's Bait,
" And ſhun, oh! ſhun the lovely perjur'd Swain.

" Fair was the Youth as Buds on *Barca*'s Coaſt,
" Falſe as the Waves that beat its rocky Shore;
" In the dark Eddies of Deſpair I'm loſt,
" And ſink o'erwhelm'd with Grief, to riſe no more."

HYMN to SOLITUDE.

NOW genial *Spring* o'er Lawn and Grove
Extends her vivid Power,
Now *Phœbus* ſhines with mildeſt Beams,
And wakes each ſleeping Flower.

Soft Breezes fan the ſmiling Mead,
Kind Dews refreſh the Plain;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their chearful Reign.

Now far from Buſineſs let me fly,
Far from the crouded Seat
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Pow'r,
To ſome obſcure Retreat:

Where *Plenty* ſheds with lib'ral Hand
Her various Bleſſings round;
Where laughing *Joy* delighted roves,
And roſeate *Health* is found.

Give

Give me to climb the Mountain's Brow,
When Morn's firſt Bluſhes riſe;
And view the fair extenſive Scene
With Contemplation's Eyes.

And while the raptur'd woodland Choir
Pour forth their love-taught Lays;
I'll tune the grateful Matin Song
To my Creator's Praiſe.

He bade the Solar Orb advance
To chear the gloomy Sky;
And at the gentle Voice of *Spring*
Made hoary *Winter* fly.

He dreſs'd the Groves in ſmiling Green,
Unlock'd the Ice-bound Rill;
Bade *Flora*'s Pride adorn the Vale,
And Herbage crown the Hill.

To that all-gracious Source of Light,
Let early Incenſe riſe,
While on *Devotion*'s Wing the Soul
Aſcends her native Skies.

And when the rapid Car of Day
Illumes the fartheſt Weſt,
When Sleep diſſolves the Captive's Chains,
And Anguiſh ſinks to reſt;

Then let me range the ſhadowy Lawns,
When Veſper's Silver Light
Plays on the trembling Streams, and gilds
The ſable Veil of Night.

When ev'ry earthly Care's at reſt,
And muſing *Silence* reigns;
Then active *Fancy* takes her Flight
Wide o'er th' etherial Plains:

Soars thro' the trackleſs Realms of Space,
Sees endleſs Syſtems roll;
Whilſt all harmoniouſly combine
To form one beauteous Whole.

All hail! ſweet *Solitude!* to Thee
In thy ſequeſter'd Bow'r
Let me invoke the Paſt'ral Muſe,
And ev'ry Sylvan Pow'r.

Dear penſive Nymph, the tender Thought,
And deep Reſearch is thine;
'Tis thine to hail the tortur'd Breaſt,
And form the great Deſign.

On thy ſtill Boſom let me reſt,
Far from the Clang of War;
Where ſtern *Oppreſſion*'s bloody Chains
Precede the Victor's Car:

Here fold me in thy ſacred Arms,
Where *Albion*'s happy Plains
Exulting tell the Nations round,
A *Britiſh Brunſwick* reigns.

Here let me hail each riſing Sun,
Here view each Day's Decline;
Be *Fame* and *Sway* my Sov'reign's Lot
Be *Peace* and *Freedom* mine.

Occaſioned by reading ſome Sceptical Eſſays.

TELL me, ye learn'd Reaſoners, tell the Cauſe,
Why thus you ſeek t'invert th' Eternal's Laws?
Say, why this unavailing Wit diſplay'd,
Where Reaſon's dark, and Science ſinks in Shade?
Can nought exiſt, *Pyrrhonius*, but thy Mind
Th' Extent, the Nature, and the Cauſe muſt find?
Thou own'ſt one Pow'r ſupreme, whoſe plaſtic Call
Summon'd thoſe Stars, and this terraqueous Ball
In beauteous Order to advance; whoſe Care
Surrounds this Globe with Light, and Heat, and Air!
And can thy boaſted Reaſon comprehend
A Power without Beginning, Bound, or End?
Supreme, immenſe, omniſcient, who preſides
O'er boundleſs Space, and boundleſs Syſtems guides?
Can thy weak Mind unfold Creation's Laws?
Of Self-exiſtence can it trace the Cauſe?

Say,

Say, on the Wings of Learning can'ſt thou ſoar,
And all the wonders of the Heav'ns explore?
See Worlds immenſe ſtrew'd o'er th' etherial Plain,
And ſtarry Suns, whoſe Warmth thoſe Worlds ſuſtain?
Their Planets deſtin'd Circles can'ſt thou trace?
Purſue wild Comets thro' the trackleſs Space?
Deſcribe their Order, Number, Pow'r and Size;
Or ſay from whence their flaming Glories riſe?

Is this too high? then ſay, what Parts compoſe
The bluſhing Texture of the vernal Roſe?
How does the bladed Stem, and Tendril, ſhoot?
How ſleeps the Bloſſom in the latent Root?
Why does the Pink a ſpicy Fragrance boaſt,
In which the Jaſmine's fainter Sweets are loſt?
Why does the Lily ſcent the Ev'ning Gale?
Why Morn the Woodbine's od'rous Soul exhale?
Why is the Purple Dam'ſcene gloſs'd with Blue?
Why does the Cherry wear a ſanguine Hue?
That theſe exiſt, can there a Doubt remain?
Then let thy reaſoning Pride each Cauſe explain.
Say, why in Plants reſide ſuch adverſe Pow'rs?
Such various Dyes, and Qualities, in Flow'rs?

Till

Till Nature's secret Paths thou hast explor'd,
Say, can'st thou hope to comprehend its Lord?

Henceforth, fond Man, thy impious Search restrain;
Can finite Beings infinite explain?
With vain Enquiries rack thy Thoughts no more;
Believe, admire, love, tremble, and adore.

ELEGY written in a GARDEN.

WHAT mingled Beauties here conſpire to pleaſe!
What varied Proſpects chear the wand'ring Eye!
In theſe ſweet Shades let me recline at Eaſe,
While balmy Zephyrs fan the ſultry Sky.

Shield me, kind Dryads, in this ſafe Retreat,
Where Oſiers mark the cool Wave's lucid Way:
Where friendly Gales allay the raging Heat,
And breathing Waters mitigate the Day.

Here poliſh'd *Art* aſſumes fair Nature's Face;
Round the ſmooth Beech the Wood-bines breathe Perfumes;
Here tufted Pinks the moſſy Margin grace,
And the ſweet Roſe in ſov'reign Beauty blooms.

Elate with Spring, and dreſs'd in all her Dyes,
See hov'ring round—yon Inſect idly gay:
A Moment on its balmy Breaſt ſhe lies,
Then light thro' liquid Æther wings her Way.

Thou

Thou beauteous Trifler, can ſo fine a Form
Suſtain bleak *Boreas*, and benumbing Froſt?
Or when black Skies diſcharge th' impetuous Storm,
Muſt all thy tranſient Elegance be loſt?

Go where the gay *Belinda* reigns conſeſt,
Deſpotic Sov'reign of the youthful Train:
While her bright Eyes explore thy varied Veſt,
Thy little Life ſhall moralize my Strain.

While to her Sight thy gaudy Wings are ſpread,
If the light Show'r, or gentleſt Dews deſcend,
Thy momentary Age of Mirth is fled;
And the gay Dreams of golden Summers end.

In thee, perchance, the thoughtleſs Nymph may view
The changeful Emblem of her blooming Face;
As ſoon Diſeaſe may that fair Form ſubdue,
And each external Excellence debaſe.

Then wou'd th' admiring Crowd no longer bend;
No more ſweet Adulation ſoothe her Ear;
No more th' aſſiduous Youths her Steps attend,
No more her Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,

Happy

Happy for me, that Beauty's potent Queen
No laviſh Graces gave, no matchleſs Air;
No ſoft, reſiſtleſs, love-commanding Mien,
Nor bade a fading Face engroſs my Care.

Theſe oft to Pride elate the Female Mind;
For theſe we oft neglect th' intrinſic Charms
Of *Virtue*, which, by *Reaſon*'s Pow'r refin'd,
Smiles at Old Age, and Death itſelf diſarms.

Enough for me, that *Health* with *Hebe* joins,
And from my Mind diſpels the chearleſs Gloom;
Enough, the Muſe her Wreath of Ivy twines,
Mixt with each ſmiling Field-flow'r's fragant Bloom:

Pleas'd, while this artleſs rural Verſe I raiſe,
To ſee ſuperior Merit ſhine confeſt;
Supremely happy when my humble Praiſe
Can give one Tranſport to the gen'rous Breaſt.

SONG.

YE verdant Woods, ye cryſtal Streams,
On whoſe enamell'd Side,
I ſhar'd the Sun's refreſhing Beams,
When *Damon* was my Guide;
No more your Shades, or Murmurs pleaſe
Poor *Sylvia*'s love-ſick Mind;
No rural Scenes can give me Eaſe,
Since *Damon* proves unkind.

Come, gloomy *Eve*, and veil the Sky
With Clouds of darkeſt Hue;
Wither, ye Plants, ye Flow'rets die,
Unchear'd with balmy Dew:
Ye wildly-warbling Birds, no more
Your Songs can ſoothe my Mind;
My Hours of Joy, alas! are o'er,
Since *Damon* proves unkind.

I'll

I'll hie me to ſome dreary Grove,
For ſighing Sorrow made;
Where nought but plaintive Strains of Love
Reſound thro' ev'ry Shade;
Where the ſad Turtle's melting Grief,
With *Philomela*'s join'd,
Alone ſhall yield my Heart relief,
Since *Damon* proves unkind.

Be warn'd by *Sylvia*'s Fate, ye Maids,
And ſhun the ſoft Deceit;
Tho' *Love*'s own Eloquence perſuades,
'Tis all a dang'rous Cheat;
Fly, quickly fly, the faithleſs Swain,
His baffled Arts deſpiſe;
So ſhall you live exempt from Pain,
While hapleſs *Sylvia* dies.

To Mr. O——Y,

Upon his aſking the Author to paint his Character.

THO' you flatter my Genius, and praiſe what I write,
Sure this whimſical Taſk was impos'd out of Spite.
Becauſe this poor Head with much ſcratching and thinking
Made ſome idle Reflections on raking and drinking,
To clip my weak Wings with malicious Intention,
You preſent me a Theme that defies all Invention.
Your Picture! Lord bleſs us! where can one begin?
To ſpeak Truth were inſipid, to lie were a Sin:
You might think me in Love ſhould I paint your Perfections; [Objections.
Shou'd I ſketch out your Faults you might make worſe
Shou'd I blend in one Piece of ſuperlative Merit,
Good-nature and Wit, Condeſcenſion and Spirit;
Shou'd with Modeſty, Eaſe and Politeneſs be join'd;
Unlimited Freedom, with Manners refin'd;

Courage,

Courage, Tenderneſs, Honour enthron'd in one Heart;
With Frankneſs, Reſerve; and with Honeſty, Art:
Were theſe glaring good Qualities plac'd in full View,
Do you think any Soul wou'd believe it was *you?*
" Why then, turn t'other Side (ſays Ill-nature) and find him,
" In ſome few modiſh Faults, leave his Sex all behind him;
" For Levity, Flatt'ry, and ſo forth, he's fam'd;"—
Prithee, Peace Fool, and let not ſuch Trifles be nam'd:
If his Failings be ſuch, Time will certainly cure 'em;
And the *Ladies, till then,* will with Pleaſure endure 'em.

DELIA, a PASTORAL.

Inſcribed to Miſs M———.

BENEATH a ſpreading Oſier's friendly Shade,
Whoſe bending Branches in the Waters play'd,
Fair *Delia* ſat; the Winds forgot to blow,
And Streams to murmur, as ſhe breath'd her Woe.

Monimia, deign to hear theſe artleſs Lays,
For thee I ſtrive the *Doric* Note to raiſe;
With trembling Hand I touch the tuneful Reed,
And wreath thy Temples with this rural Weed.
Thy Boſom heaves with ſympathetic Sighs,
And Pity's Drops fall frequent from thy Eyes;
To thee well known what fine Senſations move
The Female Heart to *hope*, *deſpair*, or *love*.
Thus griev'd the Nymph, " Ye Winds, my Sighs convey
" To *Cynthio*'s Ear, and chide his cruel Stay;

" The

" The Bird of *Venus* parted from her Love,
" With plaintive Murmurs fills the lonely Grove;
" So *Delia* mourns the Abſence of her Swain,
" So breathes her Sorrows muſically vain.
" Ah! what avails it what the Shepherds ſing
" Of *Delia*'s Charms by ev'ry Grove and Spring?
" From theſe wild Mountains tho' my Name rebound,
" Thoſe trembling Foreſts whiſper back the Sound;
" No Pleaſure in their tender Strains I find,
" To ev'ry Charm, that gilds the Seaſon, blind.
" Dark, and diſcordant, ev'ry Scene appears;
" Winds breathe in Sighs, and Dews deſcend in Tears.
" Kind *Ceres* ſpreads her golden Gifts in vain,
" And bending Trees *Heſperian* Loads ſuſtain.
" No more let glitt'ring Dew refreſh the Flow'rs,
" No more let Muſic chear the Ev'ning Hours;
" Let ſudden Winter blaſt the ſmiling Plains,
" And drooping *Nature* join my penſive Strains;
" Well my Complainings will with her's agree,
" While ſhe for *Phœbus* mourns, and I for *thee*.

" Oh! cou'd my Sighs in ſuch ſoft Numbers flow,
" As tell the ſlighted *Leſbian*'s deathleſs Woe;

" Rocks, Groves, and Vales, ſhould eccho with thy Name,
" And lovelier *Cynthio* equal *Phaon*'s Fame.

" Come, *Cynthio* come, and bleſs thy *Delia*'s Eyes;
" For thee the Sun yet gilds the Weſtern Skies;
" The woodland Choir prolong their Ev'ning Lays,
" For thee, for thee their Matin Song they raiſe;
" For thee the Roſe and Silver Lily bloom,
" And cluſt'ring Woodbines ſhed their rich Perfume.

" But ſee, the Meadows ſmile, the Groves rejoice;
" Heav'ns! do I dream?—or is it *Cynthio*'s Voice?
" He comes, he comes;—ye Nymphs your Wreaths prepare.
" Ye Swains, with Muſic rend the vocal Air.
" Beneath his Eye freſh ſmiling Verdure ſprings;
" With ſofter Notes the warbling Foreſt rings:
" Fair as *Armida*'s Vale this humble Field,
" *Rinaldo*'s Charms to brighter *Cynthio*'s yield:
" Not young *Adonis* wore ſo ſweet a Grace,
" When o'er the *Cyprian* Hills he urg'd the Chace;
" Tho' his reſiſtleſs Charms had Pow'r to move
" The Brighter Queen of Beauty and of Love!"

ODE to SUMMER.

INFANT Spring has now withdrawn
Her gay Embroidery from the Lawn:
Cowſlips ſweet, and Violets Blue,
Sip no more the pearly Dew:
Ceas'd is many a vernal Lay,
That made the vocal Vallies gay.
See! from Southern Climes afar,
Summer rolls her roſy Car.

Thee, brown Nymph, *Apollo* bore
From thirſty *Libya*'s deſert Shore:
There the ſwart Star's fiery Rage
Flows no cooling Stream t' aſſwage.
Here thou ſmil'ſt with Aſpect bland,
Bath'd in Dews, with Breezes fan'd.

When *Aurora*'s roſy Light
Firſt illumes the Mountain's Height,
The Black-bird blithe, and melting Dove,
Soothe thee here with Strains of Love.

See, the broad Sun gilds the Skies!
See, the chearful Peaſants riſe,
From the thatch'd-roof Cottage haſte,
Meek-ey'd *Morning*'s Sweets to taſte.
Blithſome to th' appointed Vale,
See, they ſpeed, while many a Tale,
Join'd with many a ruſtic Lay,
Soothes the longſome, ſultry Day.

See, the lowing Herds retreat,
Panting with the fervent Heat;
To ſome dark ſequeſter'd Shade,
To ſome ſilent pathleſs Glade;
To ſome Alder-fringed Stream,
There to ſhun the ſcorching Beam.
See, the Vales of waving Gold,
See, the ſpacious Meads infold

Bleating

Bleating Flocks, fair *Albion*'s Boaſt,
Whitening o'er her rocky Coaſt.

But when *Phœbus* quits the Skies,
And in *Thetis*' Boſom lies;
When mild *Eve* aſcends her Throne,
And the Cares of Day are done;
Let me, *grey-ey'd Goddeſs*, rove,
Muſing in thy Twilight Grove:
When thy kindly Dews are ſeen
Sparkling o'er the graſſy Green,
With poetic Eyes I view
Pan, and all his Sylvan Crew.
See the woodland Nymphs appear,
See! the Sun-burnt *Oreads* near,
Ceres and *Pomona* meet,
Pales kind, and *Flora* ſweet!
See the fairy Train advance,
Joining in the myſtic Dance;
Naiads leave their lucid Streams,
To ſport in *Cynthia*'s Silver Beams:

Whilſt the ſoft and fragrant Gales,
Redolent of ſpicy Vales,
Swell with *Philomela*'s Strain;
Penſive Muſic! ſoothing Pain!

Here, ye Powers, O let me rove,
Free from ev'ry Care but Love:
Here my ſimple Muſe employ
Her vacant Hours in Songs of Joy:
Here in Peace, and ſweet Content,
Let my chearful Day be ſpent!
Far from Envy, far from Noiſe,
Well exchang'd for rural Joys.

The PLEASURES of CONTEMPLATION.

QUEEN of the Halcyon Breaſt, and Heav'n-ward Eye,
Sweet *Contemplation*, with thy Ray benign
Light my lone Paſſage thro' this Vale of Life,
And raiſe the Siege of *Care!* this ſilent Hour
To thee is ſacred, when the Star of Eve,
Like *Dian*'s Virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er th' Heſperian Wave its quiv'ring Ray.

All Nature joins to fill my lab'ring Breaſt
With high ſenſations: aweful Silence reigns
Above, around; the ſounding Winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating Foreſt fly
With Guſt impetuous; Zephyr ſcarcely breathes
Upon the trembling Foliage; Flocks, and Herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly Shade repoſe,

Fan'd

Fan'd by *Oblivion*'s Wing. Ha! is not this,
This the dread Hour, as ancient Fables tell,
When flitting Spirits from their Priſons broke
By Moon-light glide along the duſky Vales,
The ſolemn Church-yard, or the dreary Grove;
Fond to reviſit their once lov'd Abodes,
And view each friendly Scene of paſt Delight?

Satyrs, and Fawns, that in ſequeſter'd Woods,
And deep-embow'ring Shades delight to dwell;
Quitting their Caves, where in the Reign of Day
They ſlept in Silence, o'er the daiſi'd Green
Purſue their Gambols, and with printleſs Feet
Chaſe the fleet Shadows o'er the waving Plains.

Dryads, and Naiads, from each Spring and Grove,
Trip blithſome o'er the Lawns; or, near the Side
Of moſſy Fountains ſport in *Cynthia*'s Beams.

The Fairy Elves, attendant on their Queen,
With light Steps bound along the Velvet Mead,
And leave the green Impreſſion of their Dance

In

In Ring's myſterious to the paſſing Swain;
While the pellucid Glow-worm kindly lends
Her ſilver Lamp to light the feſtive Scene.

From yon majeſtic Pile, in Ruin great,
Whoſe lofty Tow'rs once on approaching Foes
Look'd ſtern Defiance, the ſad Bird of Night
In mournful Accent to the Moon complains:
Thoſe Tow'rs with venerable Ivy crown'd,
And mould'ring into Ruin, yield no more
A ſafe Retirement to the hoſtile Bands;
But there the lonely Bat, that ſhuns the Day,
Dwells in dull Solitude; and ſcreaming thence
Wheels the Night Raven ſhrill, with hideous Note
Portending Death to the dejected Swain.

Each Plant and Flow'ret bath'd in Ev'ning Dews,
Exhale refreſhing Sweets: from the ſmooth Lake,
On whoſe ſtill Boſom ſleeps the tall Tree's Shade,
The Moon's ſoft Rays reflected mildly ſhine.

Now tow'ring *Fancy* takes her airy Flight
Without Reſtraint, and leaves this Earth behind;

From

From Pole to Pole, from World to World, she flies;
Rocks, Seas, nor Skies, can interrupt her Course.

Is this what Men, to Thought estrang'd, miscall
Despondence? this dull *Melancholy*'s Scene?
To trace th' Eternal Cause thro' all his Works,
Minutely and magnificently wise?
Mark the Gradations which thro' Nature's Plan
Join each to each, and form the vast Design?
And tho' Day's glorious Guide withdraws his Beams
Impartial, chearing other Skies and Shores;
Rich Intellect, that scorns corporeal Bands,
With more than Mid-day Radiance gilds the Scene:
The Mind, now rescu'd from the Cares of Day,
Roves unrestrain'd thro' the wild Realms of Space;
Where (Thought stupendous!) Systems infinite,
In regular Confusion taught to move,
Like Gems bespangle yon etherial Plains.

Ye Sons of Pleasure, and ye Foes to Thought,
Who search for Bliss in the capacious Bowl,
And blindly woo *Intemperance* for *Joy*;
Durst ye retire, hold converse with yourselves,

And

And in the ſilent Hours of Darkneſs court
Kind *Contemplation* with her peaceful Train;
How would the Minutes dance on downy Feet,
And unperceiv'd the Midnight Taper waſte,
While intellectual Pleaſure reign'd ſupreme!

Ye *Muſes*, *Graces*, *Virtues*, Heav'n-born Maids!
Who love in peaceful Solitude to dwell
With meek-ey'd *Innocence*, and radiant *Truth*,
And bluſhing *Modeſty*; that frighted fly
The dark Intrigue, and Midnight Maſquerade!
What is this Pleaſure which inchants Mankind?
'Tis Noiſe, 'tis Toil, 'tis Frenzy, like the Cup
Of *Circe*, fam'd of old, who taſtes it finds
Th' etherial Spark divine to Brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the Libertine
With ſupercilious Leer, cry, "Preach no more
"Your muſty Morals; hence to Deſerts fly,
"And in the Gloom of ſolitary Caves
"Auſterely dwell: what's Life debarr'd from Joy?
"Crown then the Bowl, let *Muſic* lend her Aid,
"And *Beauty* her's, to ſoothe my wayward Cares."

Ah!

Ah! little does he know the Nymph he ſtyles
A Foe to Pleaſure; Pleaſure is not more
His aim than her's; with him ſhe joins to blame
The Hermit's Gloom, and ſavage Penances;
Each ſocial Joy approves. Oh! without thee,
Fair *Friendſhip*, Life were nothing; without thee,
The Page of Fancy wou'd no longer charm,
And Solitude diſguſt e'en penſive Minds.

Nought I condemn but that Exceſs which clouds
The mental Faculties, to ſoothe the Senſe;
Let Reaſon, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy Steps,
And ev'ry Bleſſing Heav'n beſtows be thine.

ELEGY on the Search of HAPPINESS.

Addreſſed to Miſs LOGGIN.

HENCE, *Melancholy!* hence! with all thy Train
Of riſing *Fears*, and anxious *Doubts*, remove;
Let not thy penſive Eye deject the Plain,
Nor ſpread thy Horrors o'er the ſilent Grove.

Far may'ſt thou wander from this bliſsful Scene,
Where all that's lovely decks the varied Lawn;
Where ſprings the laughing Flow'r, the fragrant Green;
Where ſpreads the Lake, and ſkips the wanton Fawn.

Now ſmiles the Infant *Morn* ſerenely gay;
Glitters the Dew-drop on the bending Blade;
Now grateful Birds ſalute the bluſhing Day,
And Flocks unfolded ſeek the verdant Glade.

As

As from the Sun Night's ſable Terrors fly,
So theſe fair Scenes of Solitude, and Eaſe,
Calm the rack'd Breaſt, repel the Heart-felt Sigh,
And Nature's Muſic tunes the Mind to Peace.

Ye gentle Pow'rs that o'er theſe Shades preſide,
Whoſe Fairy Magic rais'd theſe friendly Bow'rs;
Whoſe mazy Steps the limpid Current guide,
Who green the Vale, and ſtrew the Mead with Flow'rs!

Say, if ye can, where *Happineſs* is found?
Where crown'd with Joy does the gay Goddeſs rove?
Say, does ſhe traverſe Grandeur's ample Round,
Or humbly ſeek the unambitious Grove?

Does the coy Nymph on Fortune's Call attend?
Or will ſhe yield to Beauty's envy'd Sway?
Does ſhe on Learning, Wit, or Taſte depend?
Can Pow'r invite, or Fame prolong, her Stay?

To none of theſe is *Happineſs* confin'd:
Ambition, Envy, oft on Grandeur wait:
Can Gold, or Gems, give ſacred Peace of Mind?
Or flies pale *Care* the gaily-ſculptur'd Gate?

Can Beauty guard from Pain's afflictive Dart?
Can Wit or Learning give the tranquil Hour?
Can *Fame*'s loud Clarion heal the Grief-rent Heart?
Or does *Contentment* fix her Seat with Pow'r?

Ah! no! with *Virtue Happineſs* is found,
In the calm Breaſt, where Reſignation ſmiles;
Where no vain Hopes, or wild Deſires abound,
But ſweet Content each anxious Thought beguiles.

Still may the blooming Goddeſs bleſs my *Friend*,
Reign in thy Heart, and round thy Manſion ſtray;
May her kind Beams thy lateſt Steps attend,
And ſafe conduct thee to celeſtial Day.

HYMN on CHRISTMAS DAY.

THO' long I lov'd to ſport in trivial Strains
O'er Fancy's Fairy-land, and painted Plains;
With *Corydon* to range thro' vernal Bow'rs,
And dreſs *Avona*'s Banks with *Ladon*'s Flow'rs;
For once I quit the Muſe-inſpiring Stream,
And raiſe my Numbers to a nobler Theme:
To that ſupreme, that boundleſs Source of Light,
Whoſe fair Smile triumph'd o'er primæval Night;
Who form'd this beauteous Globe with Pow'r Divine,
And poiz'd in liquid Air the vaſt Deſign;
Thro' breathing Duſt infus'd a deathleſs Ray,
And gave the Promiſe of Eternal Day.

Why, favour'd Being, didſt thou leave the Way—
By Heav'n ordain'd—with flatt'ring *Vice* to ſtray?
Then *Earth*, with all a Parent's Anguiſh torn,
Mourn'd o'er the Ruins of her Eldeſt-born.

Fraternal

Fraternal Blood her flow'ry Face diſtain'd,
And *Luſt*, and *Rage*, and *Deſolation* reign'd.
By Dæmons urg'd the unrelenting Sire
Conſign'd his Offspring to infernal Fire;
From growing Crimes each frighted *Virtue* fled,
And yet unbruis'd the *Serpent* rear'd his Head.

When lo! the God that dwells in boundleſs Day,
Whom all on Earth, and all in Heav'n, obey;
That *Being* in whoſe all-involving Rays
Inferior *Glories* loſe their little Blaze,
Forſook his Heav'n, his ſacred Pow'r reſign'd,
And liv'd to teach, and died to ſave, Mankind.

Then the fair Stream thro' barren Deſerts flow'd,
In chearleſs Waſtes the Roſe of *Sharon* glow'd.
Each fragrant Shrub the friendly Gales perfum'd,
And craggy Rocks with *Carmel*'s Beauty bloom'd.
Accompliſh'd then the Bard's prophetic Strains,
No hoſtile Bands deſtroy'd the fertile Plains:
A purer Law bid Wars and Diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth'd the World's long-bleeding Breaſt to Peace;

Vindictive *Rage* to deepeſt Hell confin'd,
And drove *Ambition* from th' enlighten'd Mind.
The threat'ning Faulcion gleam'd aloft no more,
But till'd the Plains it once defil'd with Gore.
The Sword reverted prun'd the wanton Vine,
And peaceful Autumn ſwell'd with Floods of Wine.
The ſtern Oppreſſor dropt the vengeful Rod,
And Tyrant's trembled at the Voice of God.
Say, what but Aid Divine could Man inſpire,
To ſcorn the torturing Rack, the Martyr's Fire?
With Patience mild to meet th' appointed Doom,
And triumph o'er the Grave's impervious Gloom?

O *Thou!* whoſe Love their pious Breaſts o'erflow'd,
And ſuch amazing Fortitude beſtow'd;
Direct the Heart that thus attempts thy Praiſe;
Nor live my Virtue only in my Lays.

ANACREONTIC.

FAIN wou'd I ſing of War and Arms,
Hoſtile Sounds and dire Alarms;
Fain in nervous Verſe wou'd tell,
How *Brunſwick* fought, and *Frenchmen* fell;
How *Britannia*'s Thunders roar,
Echoing from each diſtant Shore;
I feel my glowing Heart expand,
And ſtrike the Strings with bolder Hand:
But, ah! the trembling Wire reſounds,
" Murd'ring Steel and dreadful Wounds,
" Heroes bleeding, Heaps of Slain,
" Strew'd promiſcuous o'er the Plain;
" Foaming Billows, Seas on fire,
" Ill become a Virgin's Lyre."

Convinc'd, aſham'd, I leave the Field,
Leave it to Bards in Battle ſkill'd;

Pleas'd to reſume my wonted Themes,
Painted Meadows, purling Streams,
Cupid's Pow'r, *Philander*'s Eyes,
Wreaths of Willow, Gales of Sighs:
While ſpontaneous I complain,
Echoing Rocks return the Strain;
" *Love* ſhall rule theſe happy Fields;
" *Mars* himſelf to *Cupid* yields."

O D E.

NO more will I attempt to ſing
The vivid Charms of green-rob'd *Spring*,
The roſeate Bloom of *May*;
No more deſcribe the friendly Bow'rs,
Where oft I hail'd the Morning Hours,
Or bleſs'd the cloſing Day.

With Muſic tho' the Groves reſound
Tho' recent Verdure ſmile around,
And Flow'rets paint the Vale,
Where limpid Streams ſoft-murm'ring glide,
And the cool Poplar's leafy Pride
Invites the welcome Gale;

Tho' *Colin* pipe, or *Chloe* ſing,
While Hills and Woods with Echoes ring,
I chearleſs ſtill complain:

While Youths and Maids the Dance purſue,
Abſtracted from the jocund Crew
I mourn my abſent Swain.

Regardleſs of my fleecy Care,
To yonder Row of Beeches fair
My wand'ring Courſe I ſteer;
Where I with Pleaſure met the Youth,
Where Vows of Conſtancy and Truth
Aſſail'd my willing Ear.

Sometimes to an adjacent Grove,
Where firſt I heard his Tale of Love,
I heedleſsly have ſtray'd:
But no *Philander* now is there,
I turn me homeward with a Tear,
And cry, Ah! hapleſs Maid!

In vain, near *Arrowe*'s glaſſy Stream
Reclin'd, I woo the muſeful Dream,
That once inſpir'd my Breaſt;
In vain I climb the green Hill's Brow,
And view the varied Vale below,
With Nature's Bounty bleſt.

While Sighs the ſoft Gale thro' the Glade,
And Love-lays wide from ev'ry Shade
In pleaſing Concert flow;
Unharmoniz'd I ſtill remain,
And to the deaf Woods pour my Pain,
Or tell the Streams my Woe.

'Mid theſe ſweet Scenes no more I find
That happy Vacancy of Mind,
Whence ev'ry Pleaſure ſprung;
When gay I rang'd my native Plains,
And *Love* and *Fancy*'s blitheſt Strains
Fell artleſs from my Tongue.

Ah! now no more by *Fancy* fir'd
No more by *Nature*'s Charms inſpir'd,
I tune the ſprightly Lay:
My Heart, with tender Anguiſh torn,
Sad ſighing wakes each riſing Morn,
And weeps the Night away.

Great *Venus!* kindly deign to hear
Thy ſuppliant Handmaid's votive Pray'r;
Be dear *Philander* mine!

I aſk nor Wealth, nor Pomp, nor Pow'r,
Thoſe glitt'ring Pageants of an Hour
Unenvious I reſign.

Reſtore, fair Queen, reſtore my *Love!*
So ſhall thy Name thro' ev'ry Grove
Reſound in ſofteſt Lays;
With Myrtles crown'd thy Altars riſe,
Arabian Odours mount the Skies,
And Virgins ſing thy Praiſe.

TO THE

Rev. Mr. WELCHMAN at TANWORTH,

WHat Words, what Numbers, can my artleſs Muſe
Prepare, to pay the grateful Thanks I owe?
Learn'd *Education* with informing Care
Ne'er taught my unexperienc'd Youth to trace
The Paths of *Pindus*; nor from ancient Bards
To catch the rapturous Flame, which pains the Breaſt
With Extaſies too ſtrong: a Stranger I
To claſſic Eloquence, and Speech refin'd,
Train'd in the calm ſequeſter'd Vale of Life,
'Mid Rural Scenes of Innocence and Peace,
Bleſs'd in Obſcurity with ſweet Content.
What Time pale Care, and melancholy Gloom,
Depreſs'd my Mind with Fancy's ghaſtly Train
Of imag'd Sorrows, and ideal Fears,
With Hand unſkilful oft I ſtruck the Lyre,
And tun'd my Voice to Strains of Joy and Love:

But,

But, ah! in vain! nor cou'd my artleſs Touch
Call from the jarring Strings harmonic Sounds,

But, as the languid *Primroſe*, Winter's Child,
Rears its pale Bud beneath inclement Skies,
Excluded from the Gardener's foſt'ring Care;
And if, perchance, the Beams of *Phœbus* gild
The humble Bank which Nature made its Seat,
In each ſoft Breeze exhales its faint Perfume,
And to the chearing Sun expands its Leaves.
E'en thus my Heart, elate with the kind Beams
Of Praiſe your Pen beſtow'd, with trembling Awe,
Conſcious of Inability, preſents
The tributary Strain ſo juſtly due.
Your lofty Lays, fraught with ſublime Inſtruction,
Claim ev'ry humble, ev'ry grateful Thought.
My Boſom glows, but my weak Hand declines
Th' unequal Taſk: yet well I know the Mind
Where *Piety*, fair Daughter of the Skies,
With Ray Divine irradiates ev'ry Scene,
Where ev'ry gen'rous Sentiment abounds,
Is moſt delighted when it moſt beſtows.

To chear the drooping Spirits, and convey
Important Truths, and Counſels, which direct
The Steps to Heaven in the inchanting Dreſs
Of Numbers ſweet, might fire a colder Breaſt.
But, oh! this kind Exceſs hath render'd Words
Too poor to ſpeak the Dictates of my Heart.
Come then, reſpectful Silence, like a Veil,
Conceal what Language has not Pow'r to paint.

But let the heav'nly Truths, your Lays impart,
Fix deep their fair Impreſſion in my Mind:
If aught harmonious in my Numbers dwell,
Chief may it modulate the trembling Lyre,
Which to celeſtial Strains attunes the Song:
Then may the *Graces* ſhed their ſoft'ning Smiles,
Then may fair *Fancy*, decently array'd,
Attend to beautify the moral Thought.
May filial Gratitude its Warmth impart,
And ever teach my duteous Heart to glow
With Love and Rev'rence for the honour'd *Pair*,

Whoſe

Whoſe tender Care ſuſtain'd my Infant Steps,
And train'd my Youth in Virtue's ſacred Paths.

Still let me bleſs the gracious Providence,
Which, kindly ſparing, gave no tranſient Charms,
Nor bid bright *Beauty* gild this fading Form.
Theſe might have tempted the Seducer's Wiles,
Who ſeek to ruin what they moſt admire:
Theſe too, might have betray'd my Heart to Pride,
While Female Toys, and Trifles light as Air,
Had reign'd unrival'd in my Thoughts, and left
Th' immortal Mind neglected, and deſpis'd.
But may th' Improvement of my Mind employ
My greateſt Care: that when gay *Health* no more
Shall paint my Cheek, nor round my Temples play;
When hoary *Age* ſhall come with palſied Hand,
And trembling Step—depreſs my fainting Powers,
And with thick Films obſcure the viſual Ray;
The ſweet Remembrance of a blameleſs Youth
May ſoothe my Sorrows, and allay my Pains.

Then

Then too the *Bard*, whoſe Numbers kindly flow'd
T' inforce the Precepts his Example taught,
With Rev'rence and Eſteem will fill my Breaſt:
Then will his Lays recall the pleaſing Thought
Of Joys my Youth has known; aſſuage my Cares,
Wake the Remembrance of celeſtial Love,
Ineffable! ſtupendous! this can chear
The Hour of Grief, and bid pale *Anguiſh* ſmile:
This can diſpel the Horrors of the Grave,
And conquer *Death, and Death's dire Parent, Sin.*

An ADDRESS to my PEN.

THOU dear Companion of each vacant Hour!
Well pleas'd I view thee and confeſs thy Pow'r.
Now *Phœbus* faintly gilds the faded Plains,
Blow the bleak Winds, and beat the wintry Rains:
The yellew Groves their falling Honours mourn,
And cavern'd Rocks and Dells their Sighs return.
The drooping Warblers ſeek the cloſeſt Shade,
Nor with their Wild-notes chear the lonely Glade;
A melancholy Gloom involves the Sky;
And the laſt Smiles of vernal *Flora* die.
Yet by thy Stroke the vegetative Race
In fair Succeſſion riſe with laſting Grace:
And in this dreary Hour thy Aid can form
A flow'ry Landſkip, that defies the Storm:
With magic Pow'r thou bid'ſt the tender Fawn
Crop the freſh Buds, and wanton o'er the Lawn;
And *Philomela* with melodious Airs,
In dark *December* charm a Lover's Cares:

The

The Groves reſound; and on the ſmiling Plains
Herds, Flocks, and Shepherds, join their mutual Strains.
When *Whitehead* guides the Quill, entranc'd we hear
Extatic Sounds; *Elyſian* Scenes appear:
Hark! *Thenot* grieves; what Nymph but heaves a Sigh?
See! *Leya* ſmiles; Love brightens every Eye.

With *thee*, when *Night* extends her aweful reign,
And flitting Shadows haunt the dreary Plain;
While Youths, and Virgins, lead the mazy Round,
And raptur'd melt to Muſic's ſoothing Sound,
Alone I ſit; and tune my *Doric* Lyre
To Strains that Love and Innocence inſpire.
When Storms deſcend, and raging Waters roll,
To intercept the *Friend* that ſhares my Soul;
Then you, my kindeſt, trueſt, Thoughts impart,
Diſplay the inmoſt Secrets of my Heart;
To foreign Climes tranſmit the tender Sigh,
Or call forth Pity from the diſtant Eye;
Paint the gay Thought, and bid the ſprightly Tale
O'er wintry Skies and lucid Spleen prevail.

When anxious Care involves my aching Breaſt,
With thee I charm my troubled Mind to reſt;
In *Fancy*'s painted Fields with Pleaſure rove,
Or dream delighted in ſome *Fairy* Grove:
Where, ſpite of Froſt, the bubbling Fountains flow,
New *Zephyrs* ſoothe me, and new Roſes blow.

To my GARDEN.

FAIR Abode of Rural Eaſe,
Scene of Beauty, and of Peace!
When with anxious Care oppreſt,
Charm, O! charm my Soul to reſt!
In thy Walks I muſing trace
Youthful *Flora*'s various Race;
In thy fragrant Shades reclin'd,
Soothe with Song my vacant Mind.
When the God of Verſe and Day,
Lends the Weſtern World his Ray;
While the Virgin Queen of Night,
Sheds around her Silver Light;
While *Favonius* breathes a Gale,
Sweet as o'er *Sabea*'s Vale;
Here retir'd, in artleſs Lays,
Nature's Daughter ſings her Praiſe.

While the bluſhing Roſe-bud vies
With the fring'd Carnation's Dyes;
While chaſte *Daphne*'s Branches twine
With the balmy Eglantine;
Beauty's Pow'rs my Mind inſpire,
Bolder now I ſtrike the Lyre.
But the trembling Strings rebound,
" Sweet *Philander!*" Darling Sound!

Not the friendly weſtern Gales
Dancing o'er the verdant Vales,
Nor the Black-bird's Evening Strains,
Soothe the Breaſt where *Cupid* reigns.
Flora's Charms no more I view;
No more the Heav'n's etherial Blue;
Unheeded *Philomel* complains;
In vain fair *Cynthia* gilds the Plains:
Beauty fades, and *Pleaſure*'s flown—
My Mind contemplates *him* alone.

ODE to FRIENDSHIP.

Inſcribed to the Rev. Mr. J. DARWALL.

LONG has gay *Spring* reſign'd her Pride,
Long has the woodland Choir deny'd
To charm th' attentive Ear:
The Lawns have loſt their various Dyes,
And now rich *Autumn* frighted flies
The Frown of *Winter* drear.

No more the balmy Weſtern Breeze
Sighs ſoftly thro' the trembling Trees,
Reſponſive to the Strain
Of Shepherd's Pipe, or murm'ring Rill;
No more gay *Plenty* crowns the Hill,
Or decks the laughing Plain.

In this dark Seaſon what can chear
The drooping Heart, or baniſh Fear,
Save *Friendſhip*'s placid Pow'r?
This, like the golden Orb of Day,
Can dart a vivifying Ray
To gild the gloomieſt Hour.

This Heart-felt Bliſs, to Heav'n ally'd,
Diſclaiming *Folly*, *Noiſe*, and *Pride*,
With *Virtue* only reigns:
And this, tho' *Envy*'s poiſon'd Dart
With *Falſehood* fraught aſſails the Heart,
The *direful Blow* diſdains.

Hail! *Friendſhip*, Balm of ev'ry Woe!
From thy pure Source Enjoyments flow,
Which Death alone can end:
Tho' *Fortune*'s adverſe Gales ariſe,
Tho' *Youth*, and *Health*, and *Pleaſure* flies,
Unmov'd remains the *Friend*.

The VANITY of external Accomplishments.

YE Smarts and Belles, whose Airs and Arts confess
Th' important Study of your Lives is Dress;
Who gaily a polite Contempt display
For all the Learn'd, the Wise, or Good can say;
Forgive an artless Maid who boldly tries
To vindicate the notions you despise.

Who wou'd not sigh for that inchanting Air,
Which speaks *Belinda* fairest of the Fair;
Which Men of Sense admire, and Beaux adore,
Did one Charm last when Beauty blooms no more?
When those resistless Eyes no longer shine,
And the fresh Roses in those Cheeks decline;
When Age contracts those gay enliv'ning Airs,
And that fair Forehead crowns with hoary Hairs;
What then must fix the Friend? or what sustain
The long collected Load of Years and Pain?

Will the light Air, the practis'd Smile avail,
When Love and Triumph with her Face muſt fail?
For Peace, for Pleaſure can ſhe hope, from Skill
In dear Detraction, and ador'd Quadrille?

Why then is *Delia* by the World admir'd?
Her Talk is trifling, and her Tongue untir'd.
For Senſe or Nonſenſe—'tis no matter which;
Her ruby Lips give Sanction to her Speech:
Yet flutt'ring *Delia* wou'd be counted wiſe;
But ſhou'd you aſk where *Delia*'s Judgment lies?
You'll find her Wiſdom center'd in her Eyes.

But gentle *Sylvia* loves the languid Air;
Faint Voice and dying Smiles deſcribe the Fair.
The lucid Orb caſt upward ſeems to prove
The Virgin meditates on Things above:
Yet *Sylvia*'s Life proves this a vain Pretence,
And ſeeming Thought but hides Defect of Senſe:
She ſeeks with theſe ſoft Languors to diſarm
The guarded Breaſt, and reinforce each Charm.

From the ſame Motive, tho' by different Ways,
The bold *Camilla* ſeeks the Palm of Praiſe.
With manly Stride *Camilla* ſpurns the Ground,
Or on the prancing Steed purſues the Hound;
Thro' Brakes, down Precipices, lo! ſhe ſpeeds,
Dares the rough Torrent, bounds along the Meads;
For what?—the gentle Fair will bluſh to hear—
With her own Hand to kill the trembling Deer.

Satire on Men ſuperfluous wou'd be,
What they approve, by our own Sex we ſee.
Since Woman's Happineſs depends on Man;
Tis eaſy to conclude where firſt began
This Group of Follies, that o'erſpread the Earth:
From our wiſe *Lords* they firſt receiv'd their Birth;
Theſe our fond Females, bent to pleaſe Mankind,
Enlarg'd, exalted, ſoften'd, and refin'd.

But who wou'd waſte their Bloom, and not engage
One Friend, to ſoothe the wint'ry Storms of Age?
Let me, ye Pow'rs! inſpir'd by Reaſon's Laws,
Tho' *Coxcombs* cenſure, gain my own Applauſe;

In

In uſeful Learning as in Years advance;
Improve my Mind and leave my Form to Chance:
Good Senſe and Virtue gilds the darkeſt Scene,
And bloom as bright at *Sixty* as *Sixteen*.

Tho' *Sylvia*'s Softneſs, *Delia*'s ſprightly Grace,
Belinda's Air, nor *Arabella*'s Face
Conſpire to make me lovely; *Health* ſupplies
Theſe Cheeks with Colour, and with Strength theſe Eyes;
Theſe Eyes untaught to languiſh or to roll,
Convey Inſtruction to th' inquiring Soul.

O! *Nature*, never let thy Bounty ceaſe!
Still grant me *Health*, and *Poetry*, and *Peace*.
Let me enjoy my viſionary Scene,
Stranger to *Envy*, *Flatt'ry*, *Pride*, or *Spleen*;
So my laſt Breath ſhall praiſe thee when I die,
And my Life vaniſh in a tuneful Sigh.

An INVITATION in WINTER.

To Miſs SMITH of B——.

NOW hoary Winter, with reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Claſps ſhiv'ring *Nature* in his aged Arms,
The Meads diſrob'd of ev'ry Plant and Flow'r,
With gloomy Aſpect mourn their ravag'd Charms.

The tow'ring Elms, which grace yon Mountain's Brow,
Bend to the wild Winds o'er the threat'ning Steep;
White wave the Woods beneath involving Snow,
And in their Caves the frozen Naiads ſleep.

The cryſtal Brooks, with icy Fetters bound,
No more ſoft murm'ring ſoothe the Pains of Love,
Nor moſſy Banks, with verdant Poplars crown'd,
Invite *Menalcas* to the muſeful Grove.

Yet,

Yet, *Winter*, thee my tranquil Thoughts approve,
Tho' void of ev'ry gay alluring Grace;
O'er thy dread Scenes my Fancy joys to rove,
And the wild Ruins of thy Reign to trace.

Thus, tho' the Warblers of the Vernal Year
Droop, and cling lifeleſs to the naked Spray;
Yet the ſweet *Red-Breaſt* deems thee not ſevere,
But to the lone Woods pours his chearful Lay.

Unchang'd the Pine, and Laurel, rear their Heads;
The conſtant Yew extends its welcome Shade:
Tho' laughing Flow'rs no more perfume the Meads,
No more the Sun-beams dance along the Glade.

All hail! ye Pleaſures, permanent as great,
Which in the Wrecks of Time and Nature pleaſe!
The kind Companion, and the ſtill Retreat,
Where all is Virtue, Harmony, and Eaſe.

The ſocial Converſe of a Friend ſincere
Diſpels the Terrors of the darkeſt Storm;
Delights, when Vernal Beauties diſappear,
And Days ungenial the dull Year deform.

Then,

Then, dear *Amanda*, bleſs my humble Dome;
Sweet Friendſhip's Glow ſhall brighten ev'ry Eye;
With thee ſhall *Mirth* and gen'rous *Freedom* come,
And anxious *Care* at thy Appearance fly.

O! how ſuperior theſe Domeſtic Joys
To what the World calls Pleaſure, Pomp, and State!
Where *Envy* blaſts not, nor *Diſtruſt* annoys,
Nor falſe Diſſemblers flatter thoſe they hate.

ELEGY on the Uses of POETRY.

Inſcribed to the Rev. RANDLE DARWALL, M. A.

HAIL! gentle *Evening*, clad in ſober grey,
Mild Mother, Thou, of *Fancy*'s airy Train;
How ſweet to fly the vain Purſuits of Day,
And range with Thee the ſolitary Plain!

Far from the Dome, where ſplendid *Anguiſh* weeps,
Where *Guilt*, or *Envy*, blaſt the Midnight Hour;
Lead me, where Poppy-crown'd *Contentment* ſleeps,
To the light Breeze, that fans the Dew-bath'd Flow'r.

Slow-winding near yon Oſier-fringed Stream,
On whoſe green Marge ſoft *Silence* loves to ſtray;
O modeſt *Eye!* indulge my Muſe-rapt Dream,
That breathes no light-tun'd Air, or wanton Lay.

At

At this ſtill Hour oft thro' the high-arch'd Grove,
Where dwells ſage *Contemplation*, let me roam;
Where Heav'n-born *Truth*, and keen-ey'd *Genius* rove,
Where *Peace* reſides in *Freedom*'s Moſs-roof'd Dome.

Theſe Heaven ordain'd the Guardians of the Muſe;
Beneath their ſacred Influence unconfin'd
She ſoars, ſuperior to terreſtrial Views,
To harmonize, inſtruct, and charm Mankind.

Her pleaſing Taſk, thro' Nature's varied Plan,
To trace the Goodneſs of Almighty Power;
To vindicate the Ways of God to Man,
Soothe *Care*'s deep Gloom, and chear the lonely Hour.

Nor ſcorn'd ſhe mild, to ſing of Swains and Flocks,
In ſimple Elegance to haunt the Plains;
In *Dorian* Mood beneath impending Rocks
To breathe the rural Reed to ſofteſt Strains;

To

To paint the Scenes, which ſportive *Fancy* drew,
To *Love* and *Truth* attune the tender Lyre;
While her chaſte Steps fair *Virtue*'s Paths purſue,
Scorning each ſordid Wiſh and low Deſire.

Shame to the Hand, that firſt *Her* Pow'r abus'd,
And with licentious Freedom ſtain'd the Page;
Whoſe Wit infectious Poiſon wide diffus'd,
Or ſacrific'd to Gold the noble Rage.

When *Vice* wou'd taint the Morals of Mankind,
When *Pride* or *Envy* wou'd debaſe a Name;
When *Flattery* has her venal Chaplet twin'd,
Shall theſe degrade the Muſe's ſacred Flame?

When *Beauty* from the chaſte-rob'd *Graces* flies,
To hold light Converſe with the *Cyprian* Queen;
While bluſhing *Modeſty* with down-caſt Eyes,
Gives place to *Mirth*'s loud Laugh, or Jeſt obſcene.

Shall

Shall theſe a Place in *Fame*'s fair Records gain,
Who ſtrew *Pierian* Flow'rs on *Vice*'s Shrine?
No, let Oblivion ſhrowd each guilty Strain,
Tho' *Wit* and *Learning* all their Pow'rs combine.

For me, the meaneſt of the tuneful Throng,
If e'er to Themes like theſe my Voice I raiſe;
If venal *Flatt'ry* e'er debaſe my Song,
Or aught but Merit gain my honeſt Praiſe;

Periſh the Blooms, which from the Vernal Field
This Hand has cull'd fair *Friendſhip*'s Brows to wreathe;
No Pleaſure may the humble Off'rings yield,
No grateful Odours, or ſweet Fragrance breathe.

To *Gratitude* and *Friendſhip* flows this Strain;
Accept, O *Darwall!* what your Verſe inſpir'd;
Elſe have I wak'd my Rural Reed in vain,
Elſe has the Muſe in vain my Boſom fir'd.

But ſhould your Eye with wonted Candour view
This well-meant Lay, by *Truth* and *Freedom* plan'd;
Should theſe faint Strokes, which ſimple *Nature* drew,
Paſs unreprov'd beneath your judging Hand;

I aſk no more; *happy*, with this poor Bough,
This tributary Strain of artleſs Youth,
If gracious you ſhall deign to bind your Brow,
O! Friend to *Virtue*, *Piety*, and *Truth!*

TO

The Rev. Mr. J. LANGHORNE,

On reading his VISIONS of FANCY, &c.

FRaught with each Wiſh the friendly Breaſt can form,
A ſimple Muſe, O! *Langhorne*, wou'd intrude;
Her Lays are languid, but her Heart is warm,
Tho' not with *Fancy*'s potent Powers endu'd.

Fancy, tho' erſt ſhe ſhed a glimmering Ray,
And op'd to fairy Scenes my Infant Eye,
From *Pain*, and *Care*, has wing'd her chearful Way,
And with *Hygeia* ſought a milder Sky.

No more my trembling Hand attempts the Lyre,
Which *Shenſtone* oft (ſweet Bard) has deign'd to praiſe;
Even tuneful *Langhorne*'s Friendſhip fails t' inſpire
The Glow that warm'd my Breaſt in happier Days.

Yet not this cold Heart can remain unmov'd,
When thy ſweet Numbers ſtrike my raptur'd Ear;
The Silver Sounds, by ev'ry Muſe approv'd,
Suſpend a while the melancholy Tear.

What Time, on *Arrowe*'s oſier'd Banks reclin'd,
I to the pale Moon pour'd thy plaintive Lay;
Smooth roll'd the Waves, more gently ſigh'd the Wind,
And *Echo* ſtole the tender Notes away.

Sweet *Elves* and *Fays*, that o'er the ſhadowy Plains
Their myſtic Rites, and mazy Dance purſue,
Tun'd their light Minſtrelſy to ſofter Strains,
And from thy Lays their melting Muſic drew.

Sweet Son of *Fancy!* may the white-rob'd *Hours*
Shed their kind Influence on thy gentle Breaſt;
May *Hebe* ſtrew thy Vernal Path with Flow'rs,
Bleſt in thy Love, and in thy Friendſhip bleſt.

Smooth as thy Numbers may thy Years advance,
Pale *Care* and *Pain* their ſpeeding Darts ſuſpend;
May *Health*, and *Fancy*, lead the chearful Dance,
And *Hope* for ever her gay Torch extend.

For thee may *Fame* her faireſt Chaplets twine;
Each fragrant Bloom, that paints *Aonia*'s Brow,
Each Flow'r, that blows by *Alcidale*, be thine;
With the chaſte Laurel's never-fading Bough.

On thee may faithful Friendſhip's cordial Smile
Attendant wait to ſoothe each riſing Care;
The Nymph thou lov'ſt be thine, devoid of Guile,
Mild, virtuous, kind, compaſſionate, and fair.

May thy ſweet Lyre ſtill charm the generous Mind,
Thy liberal Muſe the Patriot Spirit raiſe;
While, in thy Page to lateſt Time conſign'd,
Virtue receives the Meed of poliſh'd Praiſe.

FINIS.

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" This young Lady's Poems turn chiefly
" on ſuch Subjects as the tenderneſs of
" Friendſhip, and the native freedom of
" Fancy might ſuggeſt; and ſhe has ſacri-
" ficed, in many pretty rural Pieces, to the
" Graces of ſimple and beautiful Nature."

Vide Critical Review for June, 1764.

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